

The Historie of

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatans,  
Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*  
Receiue so many, and all willingly.  
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

*King.* Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,  
Henceuer did encounter with *Glendower*,  
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,  
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.  
Art thou not aham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,  
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,  
Welicence your departure with your sonne,  
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

*Hot.* And if the diuell come and roare for them,  
I will not send them. I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor.* What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Here comes your vncl.

*Hot.* Speake of *Mortimer*:  
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule  
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:  
Yea on his part, He empty all these veines,  
And shead my deare bloud, drop by drop, with dust,  
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,  
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull king.  
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

*Nor.* Brother the King hath made your *Nephew* mad.

*Hot.* Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

*Nor.* He will forsooth haue all my prisoners:  
And when I vrg'd the rancome once againe  
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,  
And

Henry the fourth.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him, was not he procliaund  
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?

*Nor.* He was; I heard the proclamation,  
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,  
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth  
Vpon his Irish expedition;

From whence he intercepted, did returne  
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,  
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.

*Hot.* But soft I pray you, did King *Richard* then  
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,  
Heire to the crowne?

*Nor.* He did, my selfe did heare it.

*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his coosin King,  
That wish't him on the barren mountaines starue.  
But shall it be that you that set the crowne

Vpon the head of this forgetfull-man,  
And for his sake weare the detested blot

Of murtherous tubornation? shall it be  
That you a world of curses vndergo,

Being the agents, or base second meanes,  
The cordes, the laddar, or the hangman rather?

O pardon if that I descend so low,  
To shew the line and the predicament,

Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,

Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,  
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)

To put downe *Richard* that sweet louely Rose,  
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke*?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off

By him, for whom these shames ye vnder-went?

No,